

## Under The Moonlight

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Summary: When the magical world of Faarthal is thrown into imbalance, fate throws two boys together in quest to restore the equilibrium of power before the magical world tears itself apart. Phan

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**\*\*Disclaimer:** I do not own any of these characters, unsurprisingly. If I did, that would be a serious breach of the Declaration of Human Rights.**\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>In a galaxy far, far from our own, there is a planet named Faarthal. Now, for a planet so distant, Faarthal has a surprising number of similarities to the planet we call home. It has a sun â€" a large, red, giant that bakes the land; it has a moon, tinged yellow, huge in the night sky. However, the landscape of Faarthal is vastly different from the landscape of the place us humans call home.<p>

The ground is baked hard and dry, creating vast wastelands that crack under the intense gaze of the sun, and wind-swept, sandy plains. In contradiction, there are rivers through which a silver liquid flows, and luscious green forests with deep caverns chiselled deep into the rock faces. There is life on this strange planet; creatures not too dissimilar to our very own species, creatures that walk on two legs and communicate with sounds that flow off their tongues, and spill out of their mouths.

Magic is potent in Faarthal; the moon holds more influence in their world than it does in ours, and the world is illuminated in a silvery sheen of magic that is almost visible to the naked eye. Faarthal is a planet of constant contradiction; the planet seems to hang in the middle of two states, neither one thing nor the other, but rather a

hazy realm that hangs in-between the two. The softness, the peace and tranquillity of the moon exists in tandem with the heat, impetuosity and vivaciousness of the sun. There is a feeling that something has to give. Faarthal cannot remain stuck like this, trapped between two worlds so different from each other. So the sun waged war on the moon.

\* \* \*

><p>It happens in the morning. The weather is cold, much colder than usual, and tendrils of mist hover in the air and cling to the side of the small wooden house. Misery grips the house deep in its lonely embrace. Inside the house, a mother sits silently in her chair, rocking back and forth ever so slightly. She has golden-brown skin and her eyes are shaped like almonds, a rich golden-orange colour. Those warm eyes glisten with unshed tears and her hands shake ever so slightly, clasped in her lap.<p>

Her husband is also silent, but tears are slowly dripping down his long, weather-beaten nose and onto his lap. He looks very similar to his wife, apart from the small row of spikes located just below his eyes. They have a small child, whose skin tone is a few shades lighter than theirs. He doesn't understand why his parents are sat silently in their chairs, paralysed with sorrow. He's only a toddler, after all.

He runs around the small room, climbing into small spaces and rolling around on the floor. It's a while before he notices that both his parents are ignoring him. He stops immediately, his honey-coloured eyes desperately searching for answers he can't find. "Papa," he cries, breaking the spell of silence. After a lack of response from his father, he tries again, "Mama". The boy looks around the room and finally realises what's wrong, he finally realises what is missing. "Papa, Mama â€" where is Phil?" This time he isn't ignored. The mother scoops him up in her arms and brings him onto her lap. She doesn't respond, but the tears welling up in her eyes finally spill over and roll slowly down her cheek. She can't bring herself to tell him â€" to tell him that his little brother is gone forever.

\* \* \*

><p>Far below the house where the mother sits mourning her lost son, a group of small creatures gather together in a large cavern. The walls are covered in soft green moss. The only light comes from the glow-worms that scatter the rock walls of the cavern, bathing the creatures' marble white skin in an eerie green glow. The creatures' hair shimmers a silvery-grey colour, and their eyes are light blue orbs with enormous pupils: set in deep-sunken sockets; framed by long dark lashes. Pointed ears poke out beneath the hair of the creatures.<p>

These creatures have a name - a name of beauty uttered like an incantation â€" but it cannot be spoken here on this planet while we sit in the rays of our sun, amidst the hustle and bustle of life that envelopes this world. Instead, we simply call them 'moon-dwellers' â€" for it is the peace and tranquillity of the moon that gives life to these creatures; that flows through their veins, an elixir made of molten silver and the essence of magic.

There is one moon-dweller that is clearly the leader. He stands at

the centre of the huddle of creatures, and despite his frail and weakened state there is an aura of power that shrouds him like a cloak. He has a long and wispy white beard that gently tickles the top of the small bundle he cradles in his bony old arms, and matching bushy white eyebrows that are furrowed in deep thought. The moon-dwellers surrounding him are clearly unhappy.

"Why did you take a Child of the Sun?" one moon-dweller asks angrily.

The leader is silent for a long time and when he does " eventually " speak his words are carefully considered. "The child is named Phil, we shall look after him, for despite his differences he is destined for greatness."

A few quiet murmurs break out in the crowd of moon-dwellers, and the creatures all press closer to try and have a closer look at the baby boy. His skin tone is twice as dark as the moon-dwellers', but when he opens his eyes, they are the purest shade of blue ever to have graced the face of a living creature. The murmuring stops abruptly.

The leader looks up. "Is it decided?"

The words, although phrased as a question, are unequivocal.

And as the moon-dwellers bow their heads in agreement, magic whispers through the cavern, glowing pearlescent silver. When the bundle next falls open, the boy's skin is as white as the skin of the creatures surrounding him.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>If you understand nothing of what is going on at this point, I sincerely apologise. All I can say is that this is just the prologue, and if you would be so kind as to stick with the story, all shall be revealed.<strong>

\*\*Toodles  
><strong>\*\*xx\*\*

End  
file.